

of its greatest red climaxes. With human life all reduced to the common denominator of "animal" by war Bascom Field, highest exponent of civilization, paid with priceless brain and ideal to find in War's depreciated human currency, himself merely a human; a dead, and therefore useless body.

Were those 28 years so utterly wasted then? With a reasonable expectancy of thirty or forty years of constructive service to a state eager and hungry for men of his stamp; with capabilities fit for the head of an ideal American family; with a genius for leadership—all destroyed: is there no recompense?

Under and following the emotional upheaval of war we cried, 'The sacrifices these heroes are making will ennoble and enrich us all forever.'

Contrarywise we wallow in reckless selfishness, organized laziness, criminal greed, financial hysteria, and political insanity.

Ten million agonized hearts crying to find answer with leaven of comfort have ransacked religion, and even created a new one of Spiritualism which would allow us to talk with the so sudden dead and thus soften the suddenness of

*"Almost immediately—killed by shell fire."*

Inevitably one must return to those unescapable obituary lines.

"Almost immediately after the start Lieut. Bascom L. Field was killed by shell fire and several of his platoon wounded. Sergeant First Class Hampton Morgan assumed command and proceeded with the work."

Let us face it then. Review the facts of the death of Bascom L. Field—and more important—the life of